

WHEN YOU'VE LEFT ME.

When you've left me, day or night... When you've left me, then I say...

until on turning over the leaves she found between the pages a letter. "It was a love letter, written in the man's handwriting on a large sheet of paper, and signed with his Christian name, but not meant for her; the name of the woman for whom it was designed was Gladys."

CAMPAIGN PARALLELS.

FORMER PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS AS A BASIS FOR PROPHECIES.

National Campaign Predictions—Speculations of Politicians Based on Parallels and Comparisons—The Day of Sweeping Victories Apparently Over.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post says: As the Presidential campaign draws near, there is much search for historical parallels to the present situation, and prophecies are made on the basis of these comparisons. That there is a good deal of nonsense in such matters, no one doubts. For example, the Republicans in 1854 were cheered by the assurance that no man whose name began with C ever had been, and therefore none ever would be, elected President.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

An Auspicious Beginning.

The series of good roads conventions in the West had a most auspicious beginning. The first was the State Convention held at Milwaukee with more than six hundred delegates present. As a forerunner of those to come, this convention shows at awakening on the subject which is not only prophetic of increased agitation but it shows that the wheelmen are fast converting the farmers to their belief that under the movement for better roads lies an important question of economics.

The Wagon Road Problem.

H. I. Badd, the Road Commissioner of New Jersey, says: "The state of New Jersey is building about 400 miles of roads. There are over 1,000 miles of macadam roads built by the state, county and municipal aid. We are now making 135 miles, which are costing us to construct \$4,000 to \$5,000 per mile, according to width and depth; and repairs are according to the usage of the roads, running from \$50 to \$100 a mile per year. The new roads are intensely popular, so much so that we have now about 500 miles of roads applied for ahead of our construction, and new roads are constantly coming in for my approval."

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Shown in Figures.

"The condition of roads in the United States, taken as a whole, can most clearly be shown in figures. If we can make inquiries of a hundred farmers in as many localities as to how long it takes each of them to haul a load of crops to town, how far he hauls it and what his time and that of his team are worth, we can readily ascertain what it costs on an average to market a load of crops," says Otto Dornier. "If the number of these inquiries be sufficiently increased and extended over the entire country the result will pretty nearly show what it costs on an average in the whole of the United States to haul a load of crops to market. If with each inquiry we also ascertain the weight of the load, we can figure out how much it costs a hundred pounds, or a ton, to market all these crops, and if the inquiry also include the number of miles comprising each haul we can easily figure the cost of hauling the crops a ton a mile. This gives a unit which can be compared with the same unit, similarly obtained, by similar inquiries made in other countries."

A Network of Free Pikes.

The whole central section of Indiana is now covered by a network of free pikes and graded gravel roads. The farmers can reach their markets any season of the year. Northern Indiana has made wonderful strides in the last few years in building graded and gravel roads. The eastern section is practically free of poor roads. In Wayne County alone there are over 500 miles of as good roads as can be found in the Mississippi section. The most notable pike in the nation—the great National road running from Washington to St. Louis—passes the entire width of the State and divides the Hoosier community into two equal parts. It is proposed that the display be made in 1900, for it marks the close of about 100 years of Indiana's development, in which roads have been the greatest factor.

Pushing Important Legislation.

Last year under the provisions of the Higbie-Armstrong law the Legislature of New York State appropriated \$500,000 for highway improvement. There has been no appropriation this year, and the good roads supporters need to get to work soon if anything is to be done. The law provides that the supervisors of a county must first apply to the State engineer, who must investigate the improvements solicited and submit plans and estimates of cost to the supervisors. If the supervisors decide upon having the improvement the State engineer must advertise for bids. The League of American Wheelmen has been seeking to enlist the aid of automobilists in its good roads work and it is hoped that some important legislation will be pushed through this winter.

Description of a Woman's Club.

A woman's Society for Political Study is a club where a lot of women get together to spend twenty minutes telling each other what their husbands told them about the Transvaal War, the yacht races, the Dreyfus verdict, the Peace Congress, the Alaskan boundary, arbitration and the weather, and an hour and three-quarters putting on their wraps and eating caramels.—New York Press.

SALE.

Send me I now sell.

Send me I now sell. In figurative speech. As I have me to power to counsel. In metaphor and trope craft. I'll use my lighter gifts, and set My facts in humblest figure 8.

PITH AND POINT.

Jack Freddy—"Are you engaged yet?" Mrs. Somers—"Propose and see."—Puck.

Mamma—"Why don't you like Aunt Fanny?" Johnny—"Oh! she's always telling you not to spoil me."—Puck.

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Enpeck—"Saunders is a man of an unusually sound judgment." Mrs. Enpeck—"In other words, I suppose his opinions always coincide with yours." There was once an ancient Barones. Who always crawled round on his knees. "For," said he, "I might fall. I'd stand up at all; So I'm very much sater on these!"—Litt.

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Boreman—"The fact of the matter is my writings are no ordinary stuff. They are a luxury," Bingham—"I see. Something one can do without."—Boston Transcript.

She—"Do you remember how you used to put your arm around my waist when we were engaged ten years ago? You never do so now." He—"No; my arm has not grown any longer."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Of what is the prisoner accused?" asked one of the men who were to be judges in a French court-martial. "I don't know anything about the case," answered the other, "excepting that the prisoner is guilty."—Washington Star.

Well, Mr. Smithers, did your boy John get through his examinations at college all right?" asked the rector. "Not all of 'em," said Mr. Smithers. "He passed in Latin, Greek, English, and mathematics, but he flunked on football."—Harper's Bazar.

Tommy—"Pop, the rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust, doesn't it?" Tommy's Pop—"Yes, yes; but don't ask silly questions! Tommy—"And it isn't just to steal another man's umbrella, is it?" Tommy's Pop—"Certainly not. If you ask more—" Tommy—"But, pop, the rain doesn't fall upon the man that steals the umbrella, and it does on the man that had his stolen. Funny, ain't it, pop?"—Philadelphia Record.

THE HAND ON THE WHEEL.

A Novel Complication That Ended in Lovers' Meeting.

OME, old fellow, are you quite comfortable now?" asked Crawford, of the News, as he threw a rug across Vandeleur's feet.

"Perfectly, thanks!" "I am so glad, Mr. Vandeleur, to see that you are better—so very glad." Although Vandeleur's heart beat quickly, he was outwardly calm and cool as he replied nonchalantly: "Thank you. Except for the fact of feeling rather weak now and then, I am comparatively well. I trust you are quite well, Miss Sinclair?"

"Yes, I am very well, thank you. But—but Mr. Crawford told me you had by no means recovered yet." Vandeleur mentally anesthetized Crawford as he said, with a bad imitation of a laugh: "Pshaw! Crawford is an awfully good fellow; but, you know, he occasionally constructs a mountain out of a molehill."

"Pointing to the seat which Crawford had vacated a few minutes previously, he continued: "Won't you please sit down, Miss Sinclair? I long to have a chat with an old friend." His own desire now was to keep her, and an unnatural elevation pervaded him as he hailed with almost hysterical delight the prospect of showing this woman how utterly indifferent he was to her.

She hesitated a moment, then quietly sat down. "But surely, Mr. Vandeleur," she said, "your wound cannot be of so trivial a nature as you would have one believe? You were reported killed at first; all the papers said so, and I—everyone was so dreadfully sorry."

"Were they?" said Vandeleur, ironically. "Sorry to say their feelings must pass unappreciated. Enough of myself, however. I presume you are staying down here for some time?" he added.

During their conversation Miss Sinclair surreptitiously observed Vandeleur. With a dull pain at her heart she noted the unmistakable evidence of suffering in his look.

A strong desire to tend and nurse this man, whom she loved as a woman only loves one, overmastered her, and she experienced a mad impulse to cast all conventionalities aside, and throw herself at his feet and cry: "Oh, my love, my love, I wronged you innocently! It is all a mistake! Won't you forgive—only forgive?"

The impulse died away, however, as she glanced at Vandeleur, and saw the hard line of his mouth. He will never forgive, she thought—never.

Two Women and a Misunderstanding. It was not an unusual mistake. One neighbor had advertised for a girl to do general housework. Another had announced in the same way that she would rent her fine house, furnished, during the summer. A woman called on the former of these the other morning and rang the front door bell.

"Please step round to the side door," said the mistress, as she met the caller. The latter complied, but with a puzzled smile. "I came in response to your advertisement," she began, when seated.

"Yes, you have references, I presume?" "Certainly, if you require them," and the caller set her nose a little higher. "Does your house have all modern conveniences?" "Everything. The kitchen is particularly well arranged and the laundry is complete. There is nothing old and worn, and that makes it nicer. Where did you work last and what wages have you been getting?"

"Work last? Wages? I beg your pardon, and the caller's eyes looked dangerous. "I don't think your house would suit me at all. I would like a conservatory and a billiard room." "Goodness, gracious! And I suppose you'd want a private theatre and a roof garden. You can't work for me."

"Madame, you advertise a house to rent furnished and when I come you insult me," and she started for the door. Then there was a hurried explanation, and, both being sensible women, they laughed till so weak that each had to take two cups of tea as a braceer.—Kansas City Journal.

Foods Which Help to Make Tissue.

In dividing our foods it is well to remember that the nitrogenous foods, as the name indicates, contain nitrogen, and that they have for their basis albumen, fibrin, gluten, casein and legumin. The principal foods of this class are of animal origin, with the exception of old peas, beans and lentils, and the gluten of wheat. This class is easily converted into tissue-making material, consequently is needed in smaller quantities than the heat or force foods, which are called carbonaceous, and which are found among the starches, sugars and fats—the first two of vegetable origin, the latter produced both from vegetables and animals. As these give heat and force to the body they should constitute two-thirds of our food. The third class—the inorganic foods, water, salts, phosphate of lime and iron—cannot in themselves support life, yet we could not live without them. Water enters into the composition of the body's tissues and is the greatest conveyor of the foods. The salts are found both in vegetable and animal food; and thus it is readily seen that each sort of food should fulfill one or more of the body's requirements, and that perfect nutrition comes only from wise combinations.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Bones of a Whale From Way Back.

The Pester Lloyd recently announced the discovery in the district of Borsbelya in Hungary of an antediluvian animal of gigantic proportions, which had been unearthed in the neighborhood. The eminent paleontologist, Professor Belle of Oedenburg, after examining the find, writes to the Hungarian newspapers in question: "I confirm the fact of the paleontological find being of the whale species. In length it is eight meters. To judge from the strata in which the animal was discovered, it is unquestionably the oldest ever discovered in Europe, surpassing, as it does in age, the two antediluvian specimens preserved at Antwerp and Bologna. I am leaving the completion of the excavation until the arrival of the Budapest geologists."

Electric Line Makes Trees Bloom.

An extraordinary phenomenon has been noticed with regard to the chestnut trees in the Avenue Louise, Brussels, since the installation of the electrical trams. Their foliage begins to turn brown and drop early in August, to bud, and even to blossom again in October. The trees on the opposite side to the tramway behave like ordinary trees, for they lose their foliage in the late autumn, and do not put forth fresh blossoms until the spring. Botanists are inclined to believe that the cause of this singular state of things is due to the electrical current which passes under ground acting upon the roots of the trees, which are otherwise quite healthy.—London Chronicle.

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"Are women more subject to seasickness than men?" An Atlantic captain answers: "Yes; but, on the other hand, they stand it better. A woman struggles up to the point of despair against the—what I might call the impurity of the thing. She isn't so much tortured by the pangs as she is worried by the prospect of becoming disheveled, haggard and dragged. She fights against it to the last, and keeps to appearances as long as she can hold up her head.

Then she becomes maudlin and pathetic. She takes to her room and invariably asks three questions. First, whether people die of seasickness; then, how many miles we are from shore, and, lastly, when we shall get there. She also often asks how deep the water is, and if I think it possible for any one to go seven days without any food. The doctor is always talking over. I am asked time and again if I think he is capable and efficient, and if I have confidence in him. When the patient gets so ill that she loses interest in the doctor she usually lies on her side and cries by the hour. But, luckily, the more violent attacks only last a short time."—New York Press.

Rainfalls in the Transvaal. Throughout most of the Transvaal the midwinter months of July and August are practically rainless, the fall amounting to only a small fraction of an inch. September, too, is usually dry. But with the advance of spring, in October and November, the rainfall rapidly increases, and when, after Christmas, summer sets in there is a copious supply of rain, from four to six inches a month. In the whole year about one day in six is rainy. There are, of course, some regions which are practically arid. But on the whole the country is as well off for water as, let us say, our own States between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. What it needs badly is a comprehensive system of water storage and irrigation.

Death of a Notorious Man.

The man who was killed by a posse of citizens of Spring Valley while seeking to effect his escape for an alleged burglary, was identified as a Springfield man who was known in that city as "No Toe Joe," because of having no toes on either foot.—Cincinnati (Ohio) Enquirer.

A copper cent recently was drawn out into 5700 feet of wire.